


A Hebrew Dirge. Chanted in the Great Synagogue at St. Jame's Place,
Aldgate, on the day of the funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte

By Hyman Hurwitz, master of the Hebrew Academy, Highgate.

With a translation in English verse by S.T. Coleridge. 1817.

FIRST EDITION



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• קינת ישרון

A Hebrew Dirge.

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קִינַת יִשְׂרָאֵל

A Hebrew Dirge,

Chaunted in the Great Synagogue,

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, ALDGATE,

ON THE

Day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

By HYMAN HURWITZ,

MASTER OF THE HEBREW ACADEMY,

HIGHGATE :

WITH A TRANSLATION IN

ENGLISH VERSE, BY S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

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PLACE, ALDGATE.

1817.

קִינַת יִשְׂרוּן

אֵלֵי יִשְׂרוּן וּבְנֵיהָ!
כְּמוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּחִבְלֶיהָ;
וּבְכַתּוּלָהּ. חַגּוּר־תִּשְׁקֵן
עָלַי בַּעַל נְעוּרֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עָלַי גְּבִירָה, אֲשֶׁר נִפְטָרָה
בְּעוֹדָה בְּנְעוּרֶיהָ—
וְעַל בֶּן רֵךְ, אֲשֶׁר נִלְקַח,
וְהִרְבָּה מִכְּאֵבֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

ISRAEL'S LAMENT.

MOURN, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!

Give utt'rance to the inward throe!

As wails, of her first Love forlorn,

The Virgin clad in robes of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatch'd away

From Light and Life's ascending Sun!

Mourn for the Babe, Death's voiceless prey,

Earn'd by long pangs and lost 'ere won.

עָלַי שׁוֹשְׁנָה, אֲשֶׁר נִקְטָפָה
 בְּטָרִם צֹאת פְּרָחֶיהָ!
 וְעַל הַצֵּיץ, אֲשֶׁר קָצִיץ,
 וְשֵׁת מֹות בְּקִרְבֶּיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עָלַי עֲלָטָה, אֲשֶׁר עָטָה
 פְּנֵי תֵבֵל וַיִּשְׁבֶּיהָ;
 בְּמֹות פְּרִינָצֵעַס שֶׁאֲרָלָטָה,
 בְּטָרִם מְלֹאת יְמֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עָלַי שָׂרָה מְאֹשְׂרָה,
 אֲשֶׁר עֲזָבָה עַפְרִיָּה;
 לְהַתְּעֵבֵן, בְּגֹד־עֵבֹן;
 וּלְאָכֹל פְּרֵי דְרָכֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

Mourn the bright Rose, that bloom'd and
 went,

'Ere half disclos'd its vernal hue!

Mourn the green Bud, so rudely rent,
 It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal Woe

With solemndirge and fault'ring tongue:

For England's Lady is laid low,

So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The Blossoms on her Tree of Life

Shone with the dews of recent Bliss:

Transplanted in that deadly strife,

She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

עֲלֵי הַיָּשָׁר, אֲשֶׁר נִשְׁדַּד
 פָּאָר לְעַפְאֵלָהּ אֲדַנְיָהּ!
 אֲשֶׁר בְּמַר נַפְשׁוֹ, יִמְאֵן
 לְהִתְנַחֵם עָלֶיהָ.

אלי וכ"ו

עֲלֵי שִׁבְרִי, אֲשֶׁר שִׁבַּר
 לְבַב נְסִיכְךָ! וְהוֹרִיָּה!
 בְּחֻטְפוֹ הַחֲבֻצֵּלֶת, —
 וְשֵׁם חוֹת תַּחֲתֶיהָ. —

אלי וכ"ו

חֲבִי רַגַע! — וְשׁוֹר נִגַּע! —
 אֲשֶׁר פָּשָׂה בְּבֵית אָבִיהָ!
 לְשִׁמָּה שָׁם אֶת גִּפְנוֹ, —
 וְהִשְׁתִּית שְׁרִינְיָהּ. —

אלי וכ"ו

Mourn for the widow'd Lord in chief,
Who wails and will not solaced be!
Mourn for the childless Father's grief,
The wedded Lover's Agony!

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at Morn
To seek and bless the firstling Bud
Of his own Rose, and found the Thorn,
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

O press again that murmuring string!
Again bewail that princely Sire!
A destin'd Queen, a future King
He mourns on one funereal pyre.

עָלַי צָרוֹת, וְרוֹב מַחֲלַת
 בְּרִטְאֵי נְיָא וּבְנוֹתֶיהָ ;
 אֲשֶׁר אֶבְרָה מַחֲמֶדָה,
 כְּלִיל יִפְיָה, — וְשָׂרִיהָ. —

אלי וכ"ו

בְּכָל שָׁנָה, נִשְׂא קִינָה,
 וּבִלְבַב דְּוִי, נִצְעַק הוּי,
 עָלַי שׁוֹשְׁנָה, אֲשֶׁר נִקְטְפָה
 בְּטָרִם צֵאת פְּרָחֶיהָ. —

וְאֶהֱיָמָה, יָמִים יְמִימָה,
 בְּרוּחַ צָר, וּמִסְפַּד מַר,
 עַל הַצִּיּוֹן, אֲשֶׁר קִצְצָן,
 וְשֵׁת מוֹת בְּקִרְפֵּיהָ.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd,
Her Daughters wail their dear Defence;
Their fair Example, prostrate lay'd,
Chaste LOVE and fervid INNOCENCE.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,
We will take up a Mourning yearly:
To wail the Blow that crush'd the Rose
So dearly priz'd and lov'd so dearly.

Long as the Fount of Song o'erflows,
Will I the yearly dirge renew:
Mourn for the firstling of the Rose,
That snapt the stem on which it grew.

בְּמוֹת רְשָׁעִים, יֵאבֵד שְׁמִם:
 וְאַתָּה צְבִיָּה! תְּהִי חַרוֹתָהּ
 בְּלֵב יִשְׂרָאֵל: וּבְשָׁעָרַיִם
 יִהְלְלוּ תָם מַעֲשֵׂיָהּ.

רְאֵה אֵלַי! יְגוֹן עַמִּי,
 וּרְפֹא נָא תַחֲלִיאֶיהָ:
 עֲוֹנָהּ סִלַּח, מִנַּחֵם שְׁלַח,
 אֵלַי יִשְׂרוּן וּבְנִיָּהּ.

חֲרַנְךָ אֵל! מְאֹד הֶאֱבִיל
 בְּרִיטָאנְיָא וְשָׂרִיָּה.
 תַּחֲנֹה שְׁמַע, וְתֵן יִשְׁעַ
 לְמַלְכָּהּ, וּלְיִשְׁבֵּיהָ.

The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill,
 Damp, trickling Vault their only
 mourner!

Not so the regal Rose, that still
 Clung to the Breast which first had
 worn her!



O THOU, who mark'st the Mourner's path,
 To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend!
 Amid the Light'nings of thy Wrath
 The showers of Consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow!
 And Prince and People kiss the Rod!—
 Their dread chastising Judge wert thou!
 Be thou their Comforter, O God!

Rare. The only copy at auction since 1930
lacked the half-title.

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